# Riches of Distant Colonial Lands Poured Out at French Exposition.

## Grateful Natives of Orient and Africa Transport to Marseille Beautiful Features of Their Own Life, and France Doesn't Pay a Cent—Boom Business for Empire.

BY STERLING HEILIG.

MARSEILLE, May 21, 1922.

THE most beautiful sight in the world since the war is at Marseille. It is the French colonial exposition—a surprise.

I had intended to stop off at Marseille one day and have already stayed a week. I have only begun to see this grandiose show of the orient and Africa brought to French citizens' doors.

It will last all summer and late into the autumn.

It is the French colonies brought to Marseille, you might say, in minature. (Marseille is the gate of Africa and the orient).

You ride outside the big, ugly, busy city in one of the new motor taxis—cheap, smart, new, green and white, dashing everywhere.

In the shady Prado driveway you come to a great wooded park—and immediately it is a living vision of exotic lands!

* * * *

WHY, it is Indo-China, at the reconstructed temple grounds of mysterious Angkor-Wat! It is West Africa, when you stand inside the walls of Timbuctoo, whose central tower gate is enlarged beyond scale to serve as the palace of the A. O. F.!

It is Algiers, in the shady courts of the Algerian building, where the sunlight beats upon the fountains, and dark vistas open up, cool, down long corridors, where pink silks shot with gold glow under marble arches.

It is the Souk of Tunis—tunnels of old masonry that date from the crusades. They are but perishable "staff," but molded with exactness, every square foot, over the original old walls of the roofed streets which make the Bazar of Tunis.

It is Morocco, inside what appear to be the walls of Fez—bits of a veritable old forbidden city which has nothing nowadays forbidden, and with natives going about their business, yet always ready to answer a business men's questions. For here are two great things:

1. It is not Coney Island. Put away all ideas of a fake scene built for posing motion pictures! Here, the orient has done the work, and Africa itself, it has come on a visit. And these natives are not supers, belly dancers, camel drivers. They are business natives, smart, prosperous, with a stake, however small, in the venture! For——

2. The French government has not spent a cent on this magnificent show!

All has been worked out, paid for and put up by the general governments of the French colonies and protectorates, and the business interests which they foster, including important contributions of the municipality and chamber of commerce of Marseille.

* * * *

BUSINESS men, on the one hand, native and foreign, and on the other the great administrators—the men of force and culture who run things over there. It is true they were originally appointed from Paris, but they have a free hand to work out the interests of their colony, to spend its money (after having made it!) and enjoy the confidence, alike, of important natives and foreigners on the spot. So they are able to get all kinds of results.

No central government in Paris could have put up a show like this. It would not have dared to spend the money. The work would have cost ten times as much. Its results would have been ten times less real.

Pshaw! This is a show, not of one government, but of ten governments; young, flushed with pride and confidence, palpitating with energy and riches—the first self-revelation of greater France!

Few of us realize this greater France.

Here in a single spot the tourist finds the exotic art and curiosities of the 53,000,000 inhabitants of French colonies in Africa, Madagascar, Indo-China, the Pacific and West Indies.

This greater France (parts of which, like Algiers, are quite on an equality with France of the main-land) [illegible] area and population immediately after the British colonial empire, with its 393,000,000 inhabitants, and ahead of the colonial dominion of Holland, with its 38,000,000 inhabitants.

It is more varied and furnishes a relatively greater market for foreign trade. The impression that France keeps jealously to herself these foreign markets is an error. Here are exact figures:

* * * *

BEFORE the war, a little more than half the trade of the French colonies (1,734 million francs of a total of 3,223 million francs) was with France. For 1920 the proportion was exactly half (5,967 million francs out of 11,954 million francs). In this year of the exposition (1921-1922) France bought 23,000,000 tons from her colonies and sold them only 11,000,000 tons—which does not look like dumping, does it?

France has never dumped. She has never abused her colonies. She has nourished them with benefits. This is one reason why, now that they are in luck, they return her generosity in this splendid exposition of their own making.

I have just heard two little stories, in passing conversation, which show how the wind blows.

We Americans in France felt rich in 1920, when the dollar, for a short time, touched 17 francs. Today it is 10 francs 70! But the plaster of Indo-China has stood right along, as a war consequence, at between 500 and 600 per cent premium, and the same is more or less true for other French colonies. They have been very lucky!

The other tale concerns the wonderful hardwoods which are helping to make French West Africa rich.

"Could Americans import them profitably?" I asked. They laughed. "Why, the Bull line steamships, out of New York, load regularly with 'iroco,' acajou, etc., in a vast business!" they answered.

* * * *

THERE are Americans in France who still bring up the old story that American cotton goods lost a market when France took over Madagascar. But they are careful not to mention modern things, such as that France's development of morocco has furnished the United States a valuable new export field!

I know it for a fact that in the tablelands of French West Africa—by the French railroad, above the port of Conakry—fourteen American engineers a year ago were prospecting in every direction, and it was not for French interests, as I ascertained.

My old friend, Dr. Suzor, who labored for three years in vain to establish French war orphans in those healthy garden highlands (Fouta-Djalon), where they would grow up proprietors (poor little fellows to miss the chance of it!), found capital immediately (and part of it American) to take up a vast tract for private money-making enterprises!

America, again patronizing Liberia, is a neighbor of this latter. Conakry is a cosmopolitan port. Dakkar is a veritable French city. Native Africans, in white burnous, run motor cars, cluck-cluck, into the jungle. On the train up to Fouta-Djalon you pass coquettish little stations, beautiful schoolhouses, courthouses, prefectures, hospitals, clinics, churches and department stores of chain companies!

Everywhere France has spent money, built up, fostered education and self-help. And this bread, long cast upon the waters, is returning after many days!

What fine men they send out as administrators!

Gourdon, war hero, with one arm and one eye, is at the head of public instruction in Indo-China. (He rushed home in 1914 to fight.) Gentle, patient, modest, exact and deeply erudite, a demon for work, as he was for fighting, Gourdon is one of the chief men at Marseille, in charge of the Indo-China palace, which they put up.

And what is the Indo-China building?

Why, it is a marvelous reproduction of mysterious Angkor-Wat!

They have reproduced the central temple, right here at Marseille! It is astounding. Each square foot of its surface is molded in exact facsimile from the original, alas, in that same perishable "staff"—as swift-constructed, temporary exposition edifices regularly must be. But this marvel of Angkor! So wonderful, so unexpected!

Already, Marseille mourns: "It cannot last! In a few years the weather will ruin it!" And already, Indo-China, grateful, rich, replies: "Do you desrie to keep it? All right!" As if the most natural thing in the world, the colony is putting aside 300,000 francs which the great experiment will cost—to coat the vast edifice three times with a non-perishable paint!

* * * *

ANGKOR, in the jungle, is a ruined temple. At Marseille, it is the Indo-China building. So, the architect has done a remarkable thing. The original main temple being on a height (three sets of temples lead to it by vast stairs, terraces and stone-lined lily ponds), the copy at Marseille respects it faithfully, up there. But, doing so, the architect has, so to speak, dug into the hill.

So, at Marseille, to gain interior space for the exhibits, the main temple rests on vast basement halls, in the same style exact, and molded from a lot of minor temples!

Here are riches in the basement (as says Albert Sarraut) the while beauty reposes on them—beauty, history, poetry, mystery, resting on the fundamental products of the land, as should be.

With the usual artistic impulse of the French, the exposition is arranged to reproduce the most curious and least-known monuments, art treasures and luxury products of the colonies.

Mysterious architecture like that of Angkor is put before the eyes of citizens not likely to visit the original site.

It is the same for sumptuous woven stuffs, furniture, jewels and semi-jewels, bric-a-brac, food products and the rest. Here are wines from Mount Lebanon, cloth-of-gold and silver-and-rose silks from Beyrouth, and furs from the highlands of Syria! Here is a new musical instrument from Madagascar—seasoned wood and vaguely like a xylophone, but giving flutelike tones—which bids fair to make sensation in the western world! Here—and here—but space, space, space, space!

* * * *

AS to living art, from artizsans to dancers, from strange music to strange perfumes, not even Coney Island's cloying triumphs in the "show" line can spoil for you, by their remembrance, the genuine which you see at Marseille. The novel thing is done for the first time. Exotic folks and things have not been brought; they've come.

After Angkor, the artistic triumph comes from poor dark Africa! Didn't I tell you, the whole thing is a surprise? To compose the building of the colony of French West Africa, and to inclose its grounds, the architect has take—what do you think?—the walls of Timbuctoo!

Timbuctoo the mysterious!

But here the colonists take up the white man's burden, while paying all honor where honor is surely due. Just as the negro melodies and rag have precious native genius all their own, but never touch the heights without development by cultured specialists, so this strange style of Timbuctoo is used by the French architect, down there, to build a veritable palace!

This is how it is done:

The great gate of Timbuctoo is vastly enlarged. It is widened and broadened to a noble building. "It is architectur of the men of Mars!" folks say.

In its circling central hall, these motives of another world repeat themselves. Here, around all sorts of rich commercial exhibits (entirely for the business man), West Africa appears in scenes of beauty for the tourist. In embrasures, set like stage scenes, light and shade and color and perspective all unite in consummate panorama effects.

In the grounds, outside, the walls of Timbuctoo surround real African life, backed by facsimile in "staff" and scene painting in the distance.

Over there, away off, is Mount Tomba. Nearer is the jungle. Do not try to walk to either. You would never reach them! But, here, in between, are real lake dwellers. You can visit them, primitive Africans, who have never personally known other residence, and whose folks lived like this since neolithic days!

* * * *

NOW, skip 50,000 years. We're in the iron age, around the corner. Here are native smelters, here the iron smith, who makes knives, plows, spearheads. Here is the indigo dyer, here the handmills of millet.

Skip to ultra-modern days, first alley to the left! We're up against the motion picture theater of Timbuctoo itself. Deserted (one can fancy) by the natives, is the neighboring Ju-ju house. Can its black magic prevail against the movies' white?

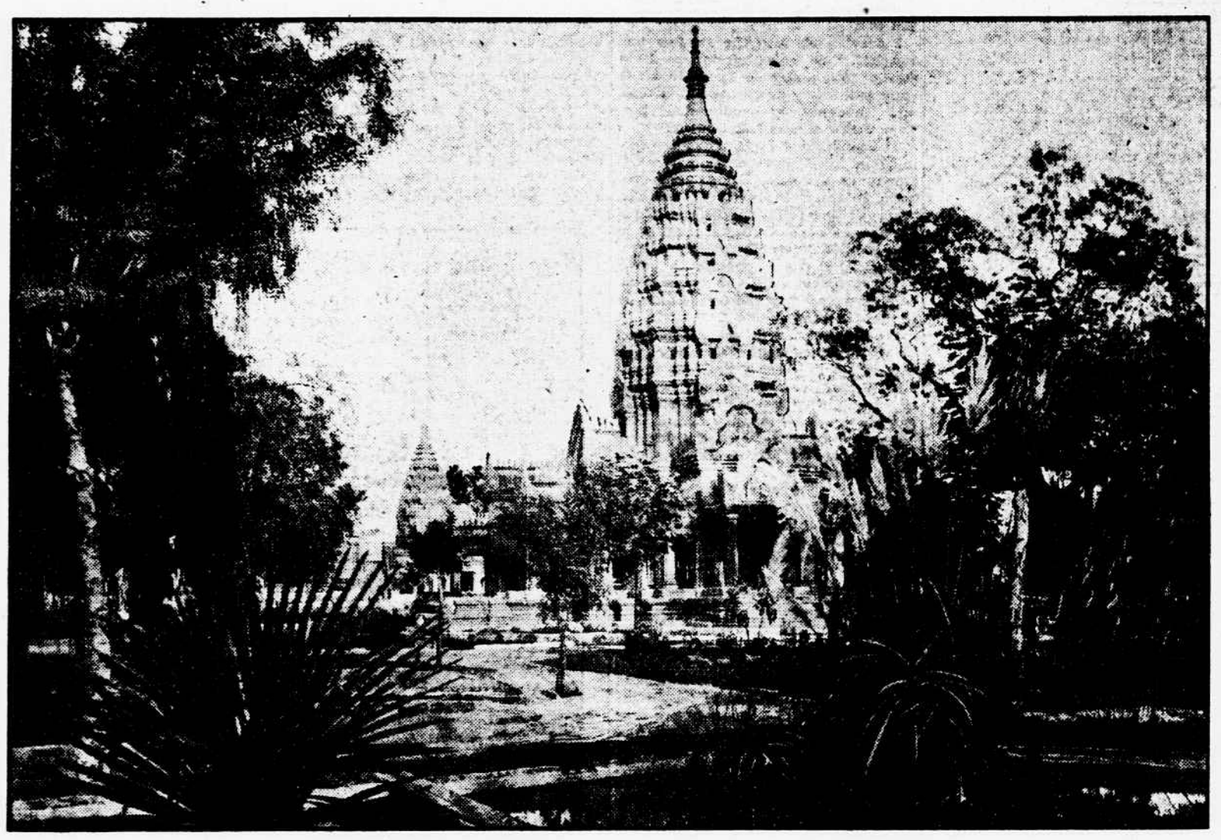
Rubbing shoulders with all this, and more, the colony shows you its worthy native artisans, in honorable prominence. Look at the skill of these men with their cunning marquetry work, so deft and exact, in polished hardwoods! Now, this art is all their own. And see these dyed stuffs, not the everyday blue cotton, but of colors that were bright when Pharaoh was a baby, that remain unfading while the tissue lasts, dyes that have been remembered while the world grew old!

They are not coal-tar stuff from German factories. They are dyes for poor, cheap negroes, and for the rich cultured folks who love unfading beauty!

I have called it "the most beautiful sight since before the war." One of the beautiful traits, surely, of this colonial exposition is the way in which the French administrators put dark Africa up front, to let its humble people show their merits.

So I have been led to trail my story likewise.

I could not pass Angkor. But I have neglected happier colonies and richer exhibits, all here, spread gloriously, in the ovation of greater France!



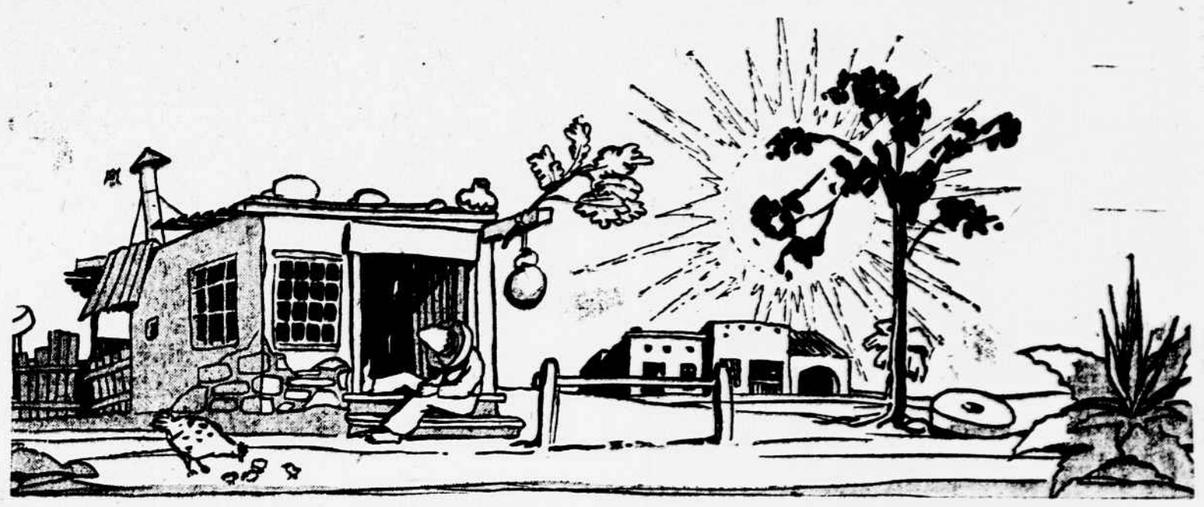
THE INDO-CHINA BUILDING OF THE FRENCH COLONIAL EXPOSITION AT MARSEILLE. IT IS A REPRODUCTION OF THE FAMOUS RUINED TEMPLE OF ANGKOR-WAR, ABOUT WHICH PIERRE LOTI WROTE A BOOK, AND WHICH IS ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE ORIENT.

## Interesting Tunnel.

AN unusual method of construction was employed for the Michigan Central tunnel under the Detroit river. Instead of boring a hole under the river and lining it with masonry or iron, the tunnel was built in sections at a shipyard in St. Clair and floated down the St. Clair river and across St. Clair lake to the place in the Detroit river where it was desired to run trains across.

A trench had already been dredged into the bottom of the river and the tunnel section in case was sunk into the trench and incased with enough cement to hold it down. Each end of each section was, of course, plugged to keep out the water, and as a new section was sunk its ends were bolted to the ends of the section already in place. Each section is a steel tube 360 feet long and twenty-three feet and four inches in diameter. Ten of these were laid in the trench in the river bottom, making a total subaqueous length for the tunnel of more than 3,500 feet. The total length of the excavation, including the land approaches, was nearly two and a quarter miles.

# SUNDAY AT TIA JUANA



"A MORE DREARY OR DESOLATE LOOKING VILLAGE THAN THE OLD TOWN OF TIA JUANA WOULD BE HARD TO FIND ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD."

BY KARL K. KITCHEN.

*Another Article in Karl K. Kitchen's Series of "Coast Close-Ups"—Do Not Expect "a Bit of Quaint Old Mexico" if You Visit There, for You Will Be Disappointed—Its Only Excuse Is That it Is the Nearest Place Where Americans Can Buy a Drink Within the Law*

IF you expect to read about beautiful dark-eyed senoritas, stalwart soldiers in brilliant uniforms, bewitching dances and popping corks because the title of this story suggests "a bit of quaint old Mexico," let me warn you before you begin that you will be disappointed. For what I am going to set forth are facts. And the facts about Tia Juana are very different from the fiction that has been printed about it. about it.

Before I visited Tia Juana I pictured it in my mind's eye as an exotic Spanish city, studded with fountains and palm trees and brimming over with life and gayety. I pictured its beautiful streets thronged with lovely ladies in picturesque mantillas, bands playing in the plaza and fat padres basking in the ambient spring sunshine. In fact, I could almost hear snatches of passionate Spanish songs amid the clinking of glasses in the great cafes. And I pictured to myself how I would join the eager crowd of well dressed Americans in the Casino, where roulette was the only game.

This is how I pictured Tia Juana. And before I tell you what I found let me advise you to remain away from it if you want to preserve your illusions. But as it is my belief that it is best to know the worst, I'll carry on.

Picture the cheapest looking "movie set" of a frontier town you've ever seen in a wild west picture, with the main street lined with "honk-a-tonks" and saloons, and with ragged peons and slovenly Mexican soldiers lounging on its sidewalks—and you have a close-up of Tia Juana.

A more dreary and desolate looking village than "the old town of Tia Juana" would be hard to find anywhere in the world. Its one and two story frame buildings are of the flimsiest construction. Its Mexican inhabitants are of the most forlorn variety of the genus "bum." And its soldiers—they're the biggest laugh I've had on the coast.

* * * *

WHY the Mexican government maintains a military establishment at Tia Juana is a mystery. There is nothing here to protect—in fact, nothing that any one would accept as a gift without a protest. And I doubt if the soldiers would even be any good at running. Those I saw were practically barefooted. Their uniforms were in rags.

Far be it from me to cause international complications—to break up the friendship between sister republics and all that sort of thing by setting forth the facts about the Mexican military establishment at Tia Juana. But even a "cocoanut rider" like Bill Hart could go down there and chase the entire army over the hill with his unloaded revolver—and his stiff upper lip. The only drawback to such a proceeding would be the uninteresting ride back.

There are not more than four or five straggling blocks of houses in all Tia Juana. And they are nothing but a succession of gin mills, dives and honk-a-tonks, run by Americans. There is practically no native population. The town depends on one-day tourists for its prosperity. I say "one-day tourists" advisedly. Any one who has been there once never returns.

Why, then, you ask, is Tia Juana worth writing about? And I hasten to answer: Because it is the nearest and most accessible spot where Americans can buy a drink without breaking the law.

That's the only excuse for Tia Juana—there's no reason for its existence.

Tia Juana is just across the dividing line between Mexico and California—some sixteen miles from San Diego. As Mexico is legally wet and as passport formalities have long since been abolished, it is not surprising that a good many thousand thirsty Americans visit it daily.

* * * *

OUR prohibition laws have made Tia Juana a mecca for the thirstily inclined, who either want to avoid the high prices demanded by bootleggers or do their drinking within the law. There is nothing but the drinking facilities to recommend Tia Juana. It has other attractions, of course, but I can only warn you against them.

First and foremost of these other attractions is the race track. The Tia Juana Jockey Club, an American enterprise, provides more than a hundred days of racing every year. But it is the last place in the world where a sane person would think of risking his money. Not that the races are crooked. I wouldn't assert that, although I've never known of a track where there wasn't a jockeys' ring. But it is impossible to make any money at Tia Juana even if one is lucky enough to pick a winner now and then. The odds are always against you.

This, of course, does not prevent thousands of well heeled Americans from visiting the track and betting their money on the chariot racers that run here. On race days the roads between San Diego and Tia Juana are crowded with automobile and motor busses, and, in addition, through race trains direct to the track are run from Los Angeles, more than four hours away.

There is no roulette or any other game of chance at present. The governor of Lower California stopped all the gambling except at the race track several months ago. However, the bookies and pari-mutuels can strip any one of all he has. Even a Mexican governor cannot ask for more than that.

* * * *

SUNDAY is the biggest day of the week here. It is then that one can see Tia Juana at its best—or worst—according to the point of view. The most important racing events, naturally, take place at this time and it is not unusual for 10,000 Americans to swarm over the border for a "day of sport."

I never saw so many motors parked anywhere as I saw the Sunday noon I motored over from San Diego. And as two long race trains from Los Angeles pulled in just as I arrived, there was a big crowd at the track entrance. No tickets are sold to the meets—every one has to drop the admission price in American silver dollars in huge coin boxes at the turnstiles—with the result that several change booths are kept busy. Mexican money is no good in Tia Juana except at the local post office. And even there Mexican stamps are sold for coins of the U. S. A.

There were nine races the Sunday afternoon I spent at the Tia Juana Jockey Club, but after betting $20 on a winner and only cashing in $25 and seeing the polite way the horses ran I soon deserted the grandstand and sought the "old town."

The "old town" of Tia Juana is a mile or more from the race track. And if one is not anxious to get one's motor from the parking space there are jitneys that jolt one over for a quarter. But unless one has a terrible thirst its cafes offer no attractions.

I ventured in one of the most pretentious establishments in the main street. Three or four tough-looking customers were drinking with several battle-scarred members of the fair sex, while a sad-eyed girl sang a song hit of before the war. A dirty Mexican waiter brought me a bottle of beer and asked me if I would like to buy a drink for the singer. When I told him that I was a woman hater he returned with a large saucer bearing the sign, "Don't forget the kitty." So I obliged. But, despite the fact that the beer was very good, I left before the sad-eyed singer attempted another song.

* * * *

STRAINS of music that were wafted from another "honk-a-tonk" directed my footsteps there. But one look at the motely gathering on its dance floor was enough. The place reeked with commingled odors of stale beer and cheap perfume. In my haste to reach the open air I stumbled over the unshod feet of a gallant soldier of the Mexican army, but he never noticed it.

One of my reasons for visiting "the old town" was to wrap myself about some food. I had looked forward to a delicious Spanish luncheon in a picturesque vine-covered restaurant; for being a dangerous optimist I had pictured myself quaffing the bottled laughter of Iberian peasants to the tinkling of Spanish guitars.

The only restaurant at Tia Juana was a lunch counter and the only Spanish dish I could find on its fly-specked menu was chile con carne.

I have often eaten chunks of rubber tires for lobster a la Newburgh; I have had Welsh rarebits that tasted like foot baths, and I have been served with salads that contained a little of everything except coffee grounds. But never have I had anything quite as awful as this bowl of chile con carne in old Mexico. One mouthful of it would be casus belli anywhere. Two mouthfuls would make a life-long pacifist bellicose.

"How about some Tia Juana chicken?" asked the waiter. And in sheer desperation I ordered it. A moment later I was served with a "hot dog"—a long, red frankfurter stuck into a roll. It was the best Tia Juana had to offer, so I ate it and liked it.

* * * *

I PUSHED on to the Casino, which adjoins the track, but except for its long bar, which was functioning perfectly, it had no charms for me. The roulette tables were deserted and the only acfivity that I could discover—aside from elbow raising—was at a postcard counter, where a score of Americans were indulging in the favorite tourist pastime of making the postman peevish. Here, at least, was something Mexican—the postage stamps.

The sixth race had been run before I returned to the grandstand, where I met some of the officials of the jockey club. They gave me the usual "You should have been here last Sunday" line of talk and suggested that I return the following Sunday, when the Governor of Lower California would be here. One of them assured me that any whisky I bought in Tia Juana was above suspicion, as the jockey club had bought several thousand barrels of real stuff before prohibition. But this good news did not jibe with the explanation why the price of drinks had been increased from 25 to 35 cents.

"The duties are so high—the Mexican officials are such grafters—that we've had to raise the price of our liquor to make any money," said a second race track official, who had not overheard the other's story.

I was for leaving at the end of the seventh race—in order to avoid some of the heavy traffic on the way back to San Diego. But my companions would not hear of it. They insisted that we place our waistlines against the long bar in the Casino and let nature take its course.

If you believe that true happiness comes from the inside, you may supply a happy ending to this mournful tale. It's beyond me to do so.

"BEFORE I VISITED TIA JUANA I PICTURED IT IN MY MIND'S EYE AS AN EXOTIC SPANISH CITY."

## The "Little Fish."

MOST persons are suspicious of the sardine, because in their minds it means nothing more than "little fish." There is a vague notion that a certain kind of little fish is indicated by the name on the can. Having no data on the subject, the consumer partakes of the contents of the can, and, though enjoying the "little fish," is likely to remark that perhaps they are not sardines.

Prior to 1880 picnic parties frolicked and lunched as best they could without the accompaniment of canned sardines. While the industry in this popular food began in France, the word "sardine" is derived from the Island of Sardinia, as it is used in modified form throughout most European countries. "Sardine" was the first of Latin names to be used among Anglo-Saxons for the herring. The fish was known to the Greeks.

Now the technical sardine is not a full-grown fish, but the young of the pilchard, clupea pilchardus. There have been some imitations; perhaps "substitutions" is the better word. The Norwegian brisling, clupea spratus, of the same family, but of a different species, is the same fish as the English sprat with the variations brought on by environment.

The sprat has many points in common with the young herring and the young pilchard, and thereby has become the innocent cause of the aforesaid suspicion. The suspicion is well grounded. The sprat is not a sardine. Through no fault of its own, the sprat possesses a rough and somewhat spiny development along the lower or ventral edge, the pilchard and the hrring being comparatively smooth. In the can, dressed and preserved in oil, the distinction between young pilchards and young herrings is not conspicuous. In the pilchard the size of the scales is relatively larger. The pilchard has the inalienable right to be called sardine.

## Seeing in Colors.

At a meeting of the section of ophthalmology of the Royal Society of Medicine, held on March 10, a discussion on colored vision was opened by P. G. Doyne, F. R. C. S., who pointed out that colored vision was associated with a variety of conditions, physical and pathological, the most generally familiar form being, perhaps, that following exposure to snow, or that which may appear to those who have had cataractous lenses removed. Work Dodd had described a state of green vision in a man the subject of tabes dorsalis, and in the next volume he presented records of thirteen cases of the condition.

In the discussion that followed M. S. Mayon described a case of colored vision which came to him for treatment. The subject was a taxicab driver, who dared not take his cab out at night, as he saw approaching lights as a red wall and could not discern whether lights were approaching or receding. Nothing wrong was found in the fundus, but probably there was present some arteriosclerosis. He was about fifty years of age. He became much better in four months and resumed work. Leslie Paton said tabetics seemed often to have had green vision, but no cases of red vision in subjects of this disease were on record.

The president, Dr. James Taylor, said that some patients with optic atrophy saw a pale blue mist in times of twilight. Frank Juler referred to a case of a medical man who five months after a cataract operation had purple vision. The patient himself, who at one time was a professor of physiology, suggested that the phenomenon was due to a change induced in the reaction of the visual purple by the excess of blood which got in; that there might be some disturbance of the vitreous which acted chemically upon the retina.

## Peril in Scrubbers.

Dr. Andrew Wylie of the London Throat and Ear Hospital calls attention in the Lancet to a new domestic danger. He has had several cases lately in which pieces of wire were found in the throat and larynx, owing to cooks cleaning kitchen utensils with a steel scrubber. The scrubber consists of steel shavings rolled into a ball. In course of time pieces of steel get detached and, being very small and almost colorless, escape the cook's notice and are served with the food.

## Rapid Tanning.

A METHOD which is said to be very rapid for use with all kinds of hides has been brought out in Europe by an Italian investigator and consists in the use of a suitable tanning solution whose strength is considerably higher than usual. The solution is brought into a chamber under pressure and is applied to one side of the hide to be treated while the other side of the hide undergoes the action of a vacuum or is simply kept at atmospheric pressure.